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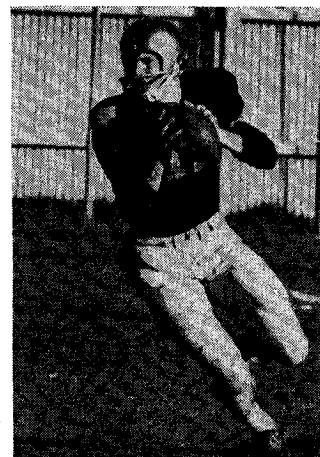
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THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS

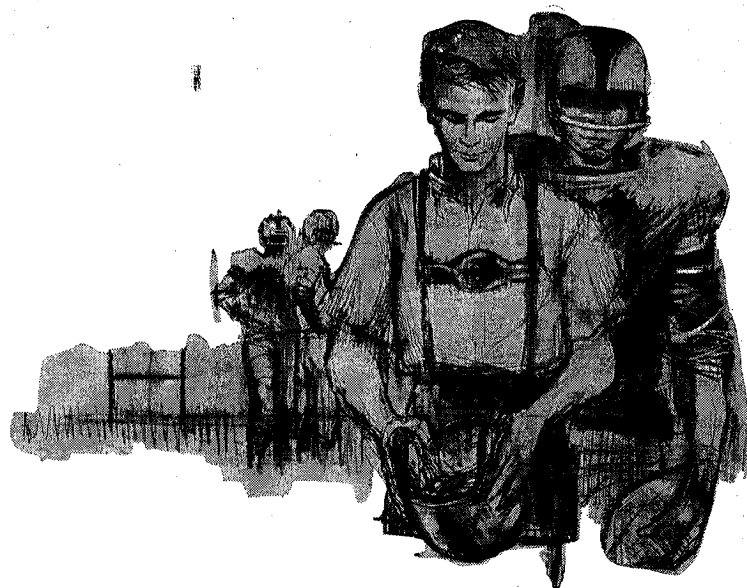
About the battle of Gettysburg, Pulitzer Prize-winning author Margaret Coit has this to say: "It was the turning point, the last chance, the high-water mark of the Confederacy. This was the battle where the war would be won." Join her and relive this famous battle. The story—with dramatic photographs by Michael Vaccaro—**The Meaning of Gettysburg** . . . Could there be, lurking in California, an unknown animal that no man has ever tracked down? Probably there is, says Gardner Soule in his article about **Bigfoot**, a mighty beast . . . And talking about beasts of another sort, most of us pay attention to tom turkey only when he's beneath some gravy. But in fairness to the good gobbler, we should know what he's like when he's up and about.

Naturalist Durward L. Allen tips you off in **Bird of Thanks and Plenty** . . .

When plebe Roger Staubach (right) reported for football at Annapolis there were 300 other candidates, including 24 quarterbacks. By the first game he was the quarterback. From there on it was just a matter of time until the nation's football fans learned about him as Navy's All-American candidate with the deadly passing arm. Sports writer Robert G. Deindorfer, who knows this young star well, takes you behind the scenes for a look at Roger on and off the gridiron in Navy's **Big Gun in the Backfield** . . . For those of us who didn't attend the world jamboree in Greece, our Chief Scout Executive gives you a rundown and a look at what went on there in **A Few Words from the Chief** . . . There's much talk about President Kennedy being a speedy reader (1,200 words a minute), but Eagle Scout Bill Carmack has been clocked at ten times that speed. How does he do it? **Speed Reading** has the answer . . . Bet you've never gone on a Where'll-We-Wind-Up or a What'll-We-Find hike. Scoutcraft expert Green Bar Bill has, and he'll let you in on what they're all about, plus other hiking know-how, in **Go Hiking the Easy Way** . . . What's your idea of a tasty Christmas dinner? In the U.S. back in 1858 the bill of fare was smothered buffalo, grizzly bear à la mode, grilled mountain pig and . . . well, you take it from there. **An Old Fashioned Christmas** tunes you in on some strange and interesting Christmas customs around the world . . . For those of you who wouldn't know a Liechtensteinian from a Lilliputian, we introduce you to Heinrich Fronmholz, a powerful pigskin punter. The fiction piece: **Fullback from Liechtenstein** . . . If you're high on animal stories (and most BL readers are) sit in on a scrap between three rough customers—a bobcat, a coyote and an eagle. The action takes place in **Bobcat on the Run**. . .



**WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT MADE US TICK BUT
HEINRICH DID. HE WAS SURE TO HAVE A
BIG FUTURE AS A PRACTICING PSYCHIATRIST**



Fullback from Liechtenstein

By JACK RITCHIE

NONE OF US thought it was much of a trade.

I mean we're all in favor of "cultural exchange," or whatever you want to call it, but there was Tank O'Brien going to one of those European Gymnasiums—that's what they call high schools over there—and here we were stuck with this kid in *lederhosen*.

Mostly we blamed Principal Walker for what happened. It's a fact that Tank O'Brien was in the upper ten percent of his class and maybe he was a good specimen to send over there to show the Europeans what we look like—sort of pretend that Tank is just an average American and give them an inferiority complex—but the hard part to take is that Tank is All Fox Valley Conference Fullback and he was just a sophomore when he got the honor last year.

Tank is practically the team. He is the team. I think that Tank's mistake was getting A's in German.

Why didn't Mr. Walker send somebody like Jerry Gilman? He's a good enough halfback, except that he's a little tackle shy—stops running when he knows he's going to be hit and sometimes you sure could use a few extra yards.

Or Billy Beneke? He's the left end. Can do the hundred in ten seconds flat and has good hands for a pass—but only when the ball comes over his right shoulder. Don't know what it is, but when it floats to him over the left shoulder, he just can't hang on to it.

Or even me? I'm the second-string fullback and I usually get in the game the last five minutes when we're two or three touchdowns ahead and O'Brien needs the rest.

But they shipped Tank O'Brien to Europe. The way this exchange thing works is that we send one of our students over there for a year, and we get one of theirs while he's gone.

Heinrich Fronholz is his name.

Anyway he came from Liechtenstein. That's just about the smallest country over there and they got a Prince and a Princess and they're always neutral when anything happens.

Mr. Walker introduced Heinrich to the whole school in assembly the first day of the semester. He was wearing the *Lederhosen*—Heinrich was. They're short leather pants and the girls thought that was cute—but then you know girls. I expected him to yodel any minute, but he just made a little speech saying how everybody was so nice to him since he came over—especially Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, because that's who he was staying with.

And so Heinrich is in school and he calls all the girls "Miss" when he talks to them and they sort of sigh. Once he said *Fraulein* to Barbara Higgins and she got glassy-eyed and dropped her books. If he could sing, I don't know what would happen.

Well, we could take all that, but what happened was that Heinrich showed up for football practice. In those short pants.

At first I thought he was just going to watch, but he went over to Coach Benson and said, "Sir, if it is permissible, may I participate?"

He wanted to play football, that's what it was.

Coach Benson rubbed his neck and thought that over. "Have you ever played football?"

"Yes, sir," Heinrich said. "I was chiefly Center Forward, but at times I have played Inside Right Forward."

Jerry Gilman opened his big fat mouth. "He means soccer, coach. That's what they call football in Europe."

Coach Benson glared at Jerry. "I am acquainted with the game," he snapped.

"Well, Heinrich," he said and patted him on the shoulder. "I'm afraid that we play the game a little differently over here. A lot rougher."

"Sir," Heinrich said, "I am ready to adjust. I will do my utmost."

Coach just looked Heinrich over, especially the short pants, and sighed. "All right, Heinrich, get into a uniform. Gilman, you go with him and show him how to put on the gear. And tell him a few things about football."

We were all set to make the best of the situation, but when Gilman and Heinrich came jogging back upfield, there was Heinrich wearing number thirty-three.

Thirty-three! That was O'Brien's number.

We all stared, including Coach Benson, and Gilman shrugged. "I couldn't help it. That was the only uniform that fit."

Looking Heinrich over, it suddenly struck me that Heinrich was pretty big at that. Those short pants and bare knees had us fooled.

Coach Benson put the ball on the fifty-yard line. "All right, Heinrich, you're the fullback on the B team. We'll let you handle the ball a few times. Just so you get the feel of things."

The quarterback shoveled the ball to Heinrich on the first play from scrimmage, and we all came charging in.

And I mean *all*.

Not just the line, but the whole backfield.

Maybe that wasn't football, but here was Heinrich wearing O'Brien's thirty-three, and we just saw red about that.

About five of us got to Heinrich and the other six had to be disappointed. But after all there was just so much to Heinrich, and we'd have to wait our turn next time—if Heinrich ever carried the ball again.

When the pack was peeled off, Heinrich didn't have the ball. I did.

He looked at it in my hands and then apologized to his teammates. "I am sorry, but it is indeed difficult to retain, is it not, when one is pummeled?"

He fumbled, that's what he meant.

On our first down, we went into punt formation. That wasn't football either, but we
(Please turn the page)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

The Fullback

wanted Heinrich to get his hands on the ball again and we wanted to get our hands on Heinrich.

The B team quarterback cooperated by sending Heinrich back to receive.

I did the kicking. I'm not as good as O'Brien—nobody is—but this time I got leg behind the ball and sent out a high floater. It went to Heinrich on the five.

I guess he should have called for a fair catch, but maybe he didn't know what that was. Anyway, we were all there when the ball came down.

Heinrich held on to it, but not for long. After three or four tackles it squirted out of his hands and into the end zone. Barrows, our right tackle, fell on it for six points.

We made the extra point and then I kicked off to the B team. It seemed like one of the best kicks of my life—usually I can't get within fifteen yards of the kind of kick that O'Brien puts out. The ball went into the end zone, and the B team took over on its own twenty.

Heinrich got the ball handed to him for the next three downs. He didn't fumble—I'll give him credit for that—even with the way we mowed him down. The first time he carried, he lost eight yards. The second time, seven. The third, four.

When Heinrich got up after that, he slowly looked over the members of the B team and

spoke, "Gentlemen, I think that perhaps I could do better for the team if you detained the opposition a few moments longer. No? That would give me sufficient opportunity to develop momentum."

He wasn't getting any blocking. That's what he meant. Not enough time to work up a head of steam. His line was leaking like a sieve.

A few of Heinrich's linemen blushed. They'd been stepping aside and letting us through for a crack at Heinrich.

His eyes went over them again. "It is fourth down, is it not? We are on our one-yard line? Is it usual to kick in a situation such as this?"

Byron, the second-string quarterback, grinned. "We do that sometimes."

Heinrich nodded solemnly. "Shall I assist in protecting the kicker?"

"No," Byron said. "We'll let you do the kicking. It's a big honor."

We all looked at each other and I guess we came to an agreement. No rushing. Let him get the kick off. Just for laughs.

I drifted back to the forty with Gilman.

The ball went to Heinrich in the rear of his end zone. He took the step and put a leg to the ball. It was a real *thunk!*

I listened to that and I was still thinking about it when I noticed that I wasn't going to have to run in for the ball. It was floating up there—pretty, if you like those things—and it came to me as a shock that it was going over my head. Way over. On top of everything else, it got the lucky bounces and cartwheeled away from me. When I finally picked it up, I was back on my own thirty.

Jerry moved forward and looked like a bulldog ready to bite.



I mulled that over as I started the run-back. Heinrich had kicked from deep in his end zone . . . there was the happy bounce, of course . . . but still, the ball had traveled about. . .

I was adding up the figures when the express train hit me.

I've been tackled by almost everybody on the squad in scrimmage at one time or another, and I can just about tell who it is by the feel of the contact.

I lay there, tasting the sod and listening to the buzzing in my head, and finally came to a conclusion. O'Brien must have got me. He took a jet back from Europe, jumped into a suit, and. . .

The coach's voice came to me worried and from out of the foggy distance. "Are you all right, Taylor?"

"Sure," I mumbled automatically. I looked up at the blur of faces. "I must of stumbled over something."

"Heinrich tackled you," Jerry Gilman said, and he sounded awed. "You fumbled and B team recovered."

Things began clicking back into focus, and I could make out Heinrich.

"You were inattentive," he said. "And this accounts for your present reclining position and the loss of the ball. The impact came as a surprise to you."

I was still thinking about that kick when I got hit. That's what he meant.

I got to my feet with some help. "I'm fine."

The coach didn't think so. "You'd better go to the bench for a while. I'll put Sawicki in for you."

And so I sat and watched.

Heinrich's kick and his tackle must have done something for the B team. Pulled it together. There was blocking.

Regan took the ball the first two times and got a total of eight yards.

And then the pigskin went to Heinrich.

The line made a nice hole for him, and he barreled through like he was looking for water after a day in the desert. Manley had a shot at him and missed. So did Sawicki. And then Heinrich was in the clear and Gilman was chasing him.

I waited for the tackle. After all Gilman could do the hundred in. . .

Heinrich was pulling away when he crossed the goal line.

That's the way it went.

They quit when it was too dark to see the ball and by then the score was 24 to 7, in favor of the B team. Heinrich scored three touchdowns, kicked the extra points, and frosted the cake with a thirty-five-yard field goal.

I began to wonder if maybe Liechtenstein sent Heinrich over just to make *us* feel inferior.

Coach Benson might have made up his mind right then, but he waited until the end of the week before he put me on the second team and Heinrich took my place. I'd been expecting that, but it still did rub me a little.

Heinrich didn't wear those (*To page 70*)

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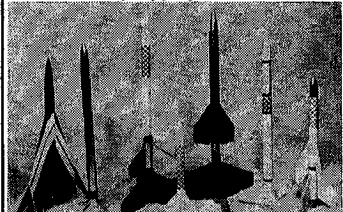
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The Fullback from Liechtenstein

(Continued from page 30)

short pants to classes after the first week. I guess that was the only improvement—in anything.

I got a letter from O'Brien the next week. Everything was fine with him. He was playing this soccer and was outside left forward or something like that.

Our first game was with River Falls High and we took that one 32 to 7. I played the last seven minutes and didn't do anything in particular for Stevenson High. The team—I mean Heinrich—downed Dawson the next week, 21 to 0, and Rufus Tech the week after, 33 to 14.

Heinrich didn't score all the points. Gilman took a pass from me over his good shoulder in the Tech game and carried it into the end zone. I kicked the extra point. Big deal.

It seemed to me that just about everybody on the team forgot about O'Brien. But I didn't. We were buddies. Pals. Even if he was over there in short pants and kicking a basketball all over some bunch of grass.

I was walking home from practice one afternoon and thinking that football wasn't much of a game anyway and also considering that maybe I ought to switch my language course from German to Spanish, when Heinrich fell into step beside me.

"I regret most sincerely that I have displaced you, Taylor," he said. "Had I known this would occur I do not believe I would have entered into football at all."

I managed a shrug. "That's the way it goes."

"You are not angry with me? I mean that you do not seem to seek any conversation."

I shrugged again. "Just got nothing to say." I glanced at him. "Why aren't you wearing the leather shorts? Everybody thinks they're cute."

"I wore them the first week only to please Mr. Walker and Mrs. O'Brien who desired that I be picturesque. I have a preference for long trousers. Even in Liechtenstein."

We walked a half a block without any talk and then he said, "I have heard much of this O'Brien."

"Best guy in the world," I said. "He could do anything."

"Ah? He is a god?"
I scowled. What did he mean by that?

But Heinrich smiled. "Is O'Brien taller than you are?"

I thought about it. "Well, no. I'm about an inch taller."

"Ah," Heinrich said. "But then he weighs more than you do?"

"No. I weigh about ten pounds more."

"Then he is fleetier of foot?"

"No," I snapped. "He's not fleetier of . . ." And then I remembered.

"Sure. He's faster."

Heinrich still smiled. "Perhaps when you compete with him? No? And yet I have learned that when you run alone you can be two-tenths of a second faster in the hundred-yard dash than he can. It is in the records of Coach Benson."

"Now, look," I said. "Just what are you getting at?"

His face was thoughtful. "You are bigger than O'Brien, you are faster than O'Brien, and yet you were on the second team and he was on the first?"

I felt myself flushing. "We can't all be on the first team."

He nodded. "True. Still. . . ." He walked a few yards and then sighed. "I have written to O'Brien about our games, and he has written to me. He is very disappointed."

That was hard to believe. "Disappointed? But we won all our games so far."

Heinrich's smile returned. "A correction, please. We did not win the games. I did."

I stared at him. "There are ten other men on the team—in case you didn't notice."

He shrugged. "Their presence is required by the rules of the game, of course. One cannot say much more. But in actuality, I am the team, just as O'Brien was the team when he was here. He had hoped that perhaps things might change while he was gone, but unfortunately not. He and I still deal with the same inferior material."

I was going to slug him right then and there, but he held up a hand. "There is no need for anger. One cannot fight with the truth." And then he turned the corner and walked toward the O'Brien house.

When I got home, I didn't eat supper. Who can eat when you feel the way I did? My mother got worried about that and was all ready to call a doctor, so finally at nine I ate a few sandwiches just to stop that.

Our schedule called for us to meet Parkview East that afternoon on our own field. Parkview wasn't the strongest team in the league, but still could be dangerous. It had a 1-and-2 record.

The squad reported to the locker room under the stadium an hour before game time and we began suiting up.

After a while Coach Benson frowned. "Where's Heinrich?"

Nobody seemed to know, and the coach started working hard on his chewing gum.

He stewed for about twenty minutes and then left the room. When he came back he still looked worried, but not so much. "I just phoned. Mr. O'Brien took Heinrich to Clover Falls last night to see some of the O'Brien relatives and they stayed overnight. They got a late start back this morning, and Heinrich will be a little late for the game." He turned to me. "Taylor, you're starting at fullback."

My hands got clammy. "Me? Starting?"

"That's right. Just do your best until Heinrich comes."

My voice squeaked. "But I never started before. I always get in the last five minutes or so."

"Well, you start now," he said irritably. "You're all we got." He turned to the rest of the team. "Just hold out . . . do your best . . . until Heinrich gets here."

When we trotted out onto the field, I think everybody felt just the same as I did. Scared. We'd always had O'Brien before. Or Heinrich. But now there was just us.

We won the toss and naturally elected to receive. The kickoff came to Jerry Gilman on our seventeen and he carried to the twenty-five. He might have picked up another five or so, but when the tacklers converged, he stopped and braced himself for the contact.

On the first play from scrimmage, I took the ball. I tried to bull my way

through a small hole, but I got hit hard and the ball slewed out of my hands. Parkview East recovered.

When I got to my feet, I knew what everybody was thinking. Heinrich wouldn't have fumbled.

It took Parkview only five plays before the halfback skirted into the end zone for the TD. The point after was missed and that left the score at 6 to 0.

Gilman took the kick again and brought the ball back to our twenty-nine. I picked up two yards on the first play, and Collier, the left half, three on the next. On third down, Sawicki faded back for a long pass. Beneke was in the clear a couple of yards beyond his defense man, and the spiral was a beauty. There was only one trouble. The ball was coming to Beneke over his left shoulder. We could all see that's the way it was going to be, and we waited for him to drop the ball. He did.

We punted on fourth down and Parkview brought the ball back to its thirty-two. Seven plays later the score was 13 to 0.

It went like that. Nothing right for us and almost everything right for Parkview. Where in the world was Heinrich?

With two minutes left to play in the half, the score stood at 26 to 0 and Parkview had the ball on our six-yard line all ready to add another six or seven points and there were four downs to do it.

We lined up for our goal-line stand—if you want to call it that—we knew that Parkview was going to score anyway—when we noticed some activity on the sidelines. Somebody handed Coach Benson a note, he grinned and trotted down the ramp to the dressing room.

Instinctively we all knew what had happened. Heinrich was back and suiting up.

We grinned at each other and the tiredness left our bones.

Jerry Gilman pounded a fist into his palm. "All right, let's not make it any tougher for Heinrich than we have to. Hold that line."

And we did.

Parkview East lost the ball on downs on our four, and our first play ran out the clock.

Trotting back to the dressing room, we were happy as a bunch of kids, slapping back and punching and all that stuff. Even me. Heinrich was back, and the second half was going to be another story. What difference did 27 to 0 make anyway? Heinrich could make that up and more.

Heinrich was waiting for us in the dressing room.

There was only one thing wrong.

He leaned on a crutch, and his left foot was swathed in a bandage. He smiled weakly. "An unfortunate automobile accident."

And so we sat down on the benches, and we looked at the cement floor, and we were silent. 27 to 0. What would the score be by the end of the game? 50, 60, or 70 to 0?

Heinrich spoke. "Coach Benson, is it not possible at this point to concede the game to the opponent? After all, it is apparent that what remains will be a . . . how do you say . . . a slaughter?"

Coach Benson said nothing. He didn't even look up.

"We must face facts," Heinrich said. "I am unable to play. The leader is gone and therefore defeat is inevitable."

I shifted uncomfortably on the bench and I noticed that a few of the others did too.

Heinrich went on. "Without a leader they are nothing, Coach Benson. They are ridden by fears and complexes." We stood up. His eyes settled on Jerry Gilman. "For instance, you, Jerry, have this fear of being tackled. Fear, of course, is nothing to be ashamed of." He smiled thinly. "But does it not seem most logical that anyone who is afraid of being tackled does not belong on a football team?"

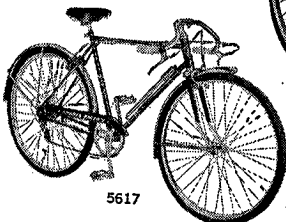
Jerry Gilman went white and looked like a bulldog ready to bite.

Heinrich held up a hand. "Please do not be angry. I have not for one moment suggested cowardice. I am aware that two years ago when you were a sophomore you were tackled and you fumbled. Because of this fumble the team lost the game and the championship. You have never forgotten that and you are determined never again to fumble, even if it costs you five yards every time you carry the ball." Heinrich smiled again. "This desire to protect the ball—this intense wish never to take a chance—this is not cowardice, is it?"

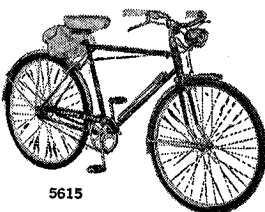
Before Gilman could say something, Heinrich turned to Beneke. "And you, Beneke, cannot catch a pass which comes over your left shoulder. This reduces your efficiency—your value to the team—by at least fifty percent. Perhaps more, since all your opponents are well aware of this fact."

"Beneke, I understand that when you were a freshman, you were pursuing a pass—a pass which was coming over your left shoulder—when you

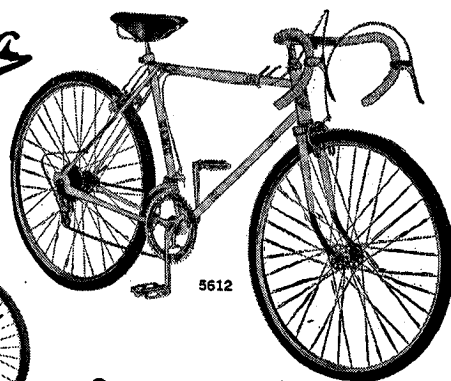
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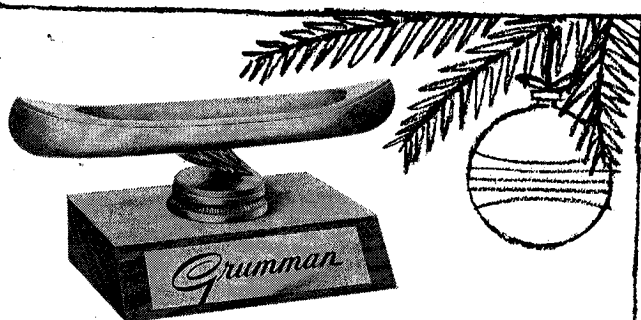
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stepped on a kickoff tee someone had carelessly left on the field and broke your ankle. And since then your mind has become conditioned, has it not? When a pass comes to you from the left, you think deep within you that you are about to stumble again and break your ankle? And so with this preoccupation you drop the ball?"

Beneke blinked and it seemed as though he was looking at something for the first time.

"A mental block," Heinrich said. "This is something difficult to overcome. One requires intelligence, understanding, courage. In your case, Beneke, I'm afraid that..." Heinrich sighed.

And then he went over the squad and he had something to say about almost everybody.

We all knew what he was doing. We've listened to fight talks before. But this was... well... different. Not quite fair. He was touching where it hurt.

He saved me for last.

"In your case, Taylor," he said. "We come to one who lacks confidence completely."

Confidence? What did he mean by that? I had as much confidence as anybody.

He read my mind and shook his head. "No confidence, Taylor, and I think that you are actually afraid to excel."

Heinrich was way off. Where did he get something screwy like that?

"You have a brother," Heinrich said. "I am told that he is at present at a university and that he is magnificent at fullback. This you no doubt take pride in. He was also most excellent in this high school when he attended, and he is the possessor of several records."

That part was right enough. My brother was about the best back ever to play on a Stevenson squad.

"But the most important point of all," Heinrich said, "is that he is four years older than you are. And being four years older, he was bigger than you are, he could kick farther, he could run faster. He was there ahead of you all the time and you could never catch up—no matter how you tried—because of this four-year difference. And while you were frustrated by this, your mind eventually told itself that you would never catch up and that you must adjust to this.

An adjustment such as this is in a sense admirable, but there should be a limit upon it. It should not continue forever. However you have chosen always to see another brother ahead of you and always unsurpassable... a brother whose name might be Taylor or perhaps O'Brien or even Heinrich Fromholz."

His voice became more pointed. "You engage in... how shall we say... hero worship? It is fine to admire those of remarkable capabilities, but one must not do so to the injury of one's own potentialities. And in time too, I think that you became afraid to excel even when you could, because your brother... this Taylor, this O'Brien, or even this Heinrich Fromholz... might not like you if you did."

He shook his head sadly. "But one must grow up. One must not continue to buy friendships by such concessions."

Where did he get all this crazy stuff? But my face was red, and I was sweating.

I think that by now we all wanted

to lynch Heinrich, but somehow we just didn't seem to have the energy. We just sat there and, I guess, we each had something to think about.

I don't know how long we would have kept that up, but one of the officials knocked on the door and wanted to know if we were going to play any more football—everybody else was on the field and had been waiting for ten minutes.

We walked out there. I mean walked. No jogging and running. And we were quiet. Maybe everybody was still thinking—like I was.

I took a couple of deep breaths of the cool air and that cleared my head. Really cleared it.

I kicked off to Parkview East. The stride was just right, I met the ball just right, and the sound was just right. That ball was going somewhere.

The Parkview receivers watched it go over their heads and right over the goal-post crossbars. Five years ago that would have been counted as a field goal and worth three points. But the rules for kickoffs have been changed and there were no points. Parkview took over on its own twenty yard line.

I thought about that kick as we went into the defense formation, and maybe everybody else on the team did too. My brother held the league record for a field goal—officially forty-nine yards, but when you add the ten extra yards to the goal post in the end zone, that made it fifty-nine. And the best O'Brien had ever done had been against Tech last year from the Tech forty-two. My kick wasn't a field goal—as far as the records counted—but still I had kicked from my own forty and that made it...

Three plays later, Parkview hadn't been able to move the ball more than three yards and went into punt formation.

Jerry Gilman gathered it in on our thirty-five and took it along the sidelines. At their forty-five, three Parkview tacklers converged on Gilman and I thought the play would end there. But this time Gilman didn't stop and let himself be tackled.

He hesitated only a fraction of a second and then picked up a burst of speed. Two of the tacklers had a shot at him and missed, and the third was faked off his feet. Gilman went all the way, and we got the point after. That made it 26 to 7.

We held on defense and, when we got the ball, we marched down the field with a series of running plays. I went off left tackle for the last eight yards to make it 26 to 14, and that was the score at the end of the third quarter.

Parkview stiffened in the fourth and held us on its twenty-four. I tried for the field goal and made it. No record kick, but the ball went high over the crossbars and into the crowd. 26 to 17.

The next five minutes were rough for all of us. Parkview dug in and was hoping to preserve the upset. But with four minutes left and our ball, I found a big hole waiting for me and stormed through. I carried all the way from our thirty-six, and nobody was near me when I crossed the goal line. With the point after, that made it 26 to 24, still Parkview.

Parkview let the kickoff bounce into the end zone and took over on its twenty. With less than four minutes left to play, Parkview tried to run out the clock but was forced to punt on fourth down.

Gilman picked up the punt and carried it back to the Parkview twenty-nine before he got nailed.

We called time out and went into a huddle. There were less than fifteen seconds lefts.

"Not much sense in trying anything but a field goal," Gilman said. "All we need is three points. Think you can do it, Taylor?"

I straightened up and looked at the goal posts. Yes, I could make it. I knew that deep inside of me. Today I could make that kick ten times out of ten. Twenty times out of twenty.

But my mind went to something else. Winning the game was important, but there were other things important too.

"I think we ought to try 27-A," I said.

It took them a while to remember what that was. It was a play Coach Benson had dreamed up, but one we had never used in a game.

Because we couldn't.

THE PLAY calls for the quarterback to fade with the ball and then flip to me wide to the left and still behind the line of scrimmage. In the meantime Beneke cuts from left end to the right side of the field. I throw the pass and he takes it over his left shoulder.

Beneke got white. "Now wait a minute, Taylor. All we need is three points. We don't have to go for the touchdown. You ought to be able to make the kick."

"I don't know about that," I said, rubbing my chin. "I don't think so."

Beneke appealed to the rest of the squad. "But all of you *know* I can't catch a pass over my left shoulder."

I'm not the quarterback, but I'm the team captain when I play. My word carries some weight.

But more than that, everybody on the squad knew what I was trying to do and I could see that everyone agreed with me.

Beneke might have tried to argue his way out of the play, but we snapped out of the huddle and took our positions. There was nothing for him to do but take his place in the line.

The quarterback took the ball into our backfield and tossed to me. There was nobody in front of me and I think I could have carried it all the way, but I waited and watched Beneke.

He made his diagonal and sped to-

ward the spot. I cocked my arm and threw.

When Beneke looked back his face was still white. He reached the point, and the ball floated over his left shoulder and into his arms.

This time he held on to it and sprinted into the end zone.

I made the point after, but that didn't matter. We won 31 to 27.

We stormed back into the dressing room and gave Heinrich a good rough time, slapping him on the back and carrying him around and acting as though he'd won the game.

And I guess he had.

When we calmed down a little, Heinrich still grinned and walked to a bench. He sat down and began unwinding the bandage from his foot.

We stared at him, and the room got quiet.

Heinrich looked up and it seemed like his eyes laughed. "I did not say that I had been injured in the accident. You merely leaped to this conclusion because I had a bandage on my foot."

The bandage came off and he put on his shoe. "It is true there was an accident—a mild scrapping of fenders with Mr. O'Brien's car and another. But this gave me an idea."

His face became sober. "Actually I arrived five minutes after the game started, but I remained in the stands and watched you play. What I saw was a dispirited team—a team which depended upon one man to save it. I did not like this. It is not good for you. It is not good for me. And so I decided that I would not play at all. I came down here and put the bandage on my foot. It would be better if you lost without me than won with me. And to this I think you will agree. Especially now."

Coach Benson had two first-string fullbacks the rest of the season. Heinrich and me.

When O'Brien comes back next year, I think he might have a hard time getting the fullback job away from me.

But I'll never find out for sure. I won't be here.

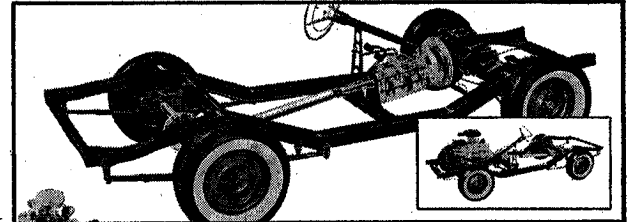
I've been getting A's in German lately, and, when Heinrich goes back to Liechtenstein, I'll be going with him. Mr. Walker picked me as the exchange student for next year. Heinrich is going on to college to get his degree in psychology.

I wonder what this soccer is all about.

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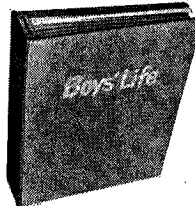
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